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## The Legend of the Cross of St. Francis.

BY TROVATOR.

[The famed Monastery of St. Francis of Assisi is in the Papal States not far from Perugia. St. Francis was accustomed to pray before a crucifix in a rude cell upon the side of the mountain near the convent, and after his death, this cell became a hallowed shrine to the devout Catholics. A traditional legend relates that the cross was once removed to the splendid Gothic church of the convent, but was taken back at night to its original resting place by the angels, while the monks were asleep. Upon this legend the following ballad has been constructed.]

On the side of the mountain bare there stands  
An humble and lonely cell,  
Where, sweetly mellowed by distance, you hear  
The soft tone of the convent bell.

The cell is scooped from the solid rock,  
And the floor is damp and cold;  
A crucifix stands at the farther end  
As it did in the days of old;

In the days of old, when that holy saint  
Would come from the convent fair,  
To kneel and pray by the holy cross  
That stands in the cell so bare.

St. Francis had long since left this world,  
But his name was cherished still;  
And from far and wide the pilgrims would flock  
To the Convent upon the Hill.

They came from Arno's gentle vale,  
They came from the banks of the Po,  
They came from Rome, where the rushing waves  
Of the golden Tiber flow;

They poured from the sunny hills of France,  
From the distant Briton isle;  
To the shrine of St. Francis they joyfully toiled  
O'er many a weary mile;

And they hastened to visit the lonely cell,  
To pray on the hallowed spot,  
To kneel at the foot of the self-same cross  
That still stands in St. Francis' grot.

Then there came to the convent a Cardinal,  
He was sent by the Pope of Rome;  
And he hastened to visit St. Francis' cell  
And to pray 'neath its humble dome.

But when he returned to the convent fair,  
He called all the brethren around,  
And he said it was wrong that St. Francis' cross  
Should remain 'neath the damp cold ground.

"It is not meet," said the Cardinal,  
"That beneath that humble cell  
We should leave to moulder the holy cross  
Of the saint that we loved so well."

"Let us place the cross on our high altar,  
Where, beneath the Gothic nave,  
It will find a fitter resting place  
Than within that lonely cave."

And they placed the cross on the High Altar,  
All with holy pomp and state,  
And the censers were swung and the convent bells  
rung,  
While the people around did wait.

And they placed the cross on the High Altar,  
And the monks they chanted a hymn,

While the organ rolled from its pipes of gold  
Fit music for cherubim.

And they placed the cross on the High Altar,  
And they said a holy mass,  
While the worshipping crowd responded aloud  
Till trembled the painted glass.

And they placed the cross on the High Altar,  
And with care they made it fast,  
And they said it should stay, where they placed it  
that day,  
As long as the church should last.

Then night came down on the convent and town,  
And each monk retired to rest,  
First saying a prayer with holiest care,  
To the saint that he loved the best.

\* \* \* \* \*  
But what means that glare that now reddens the air,  
And that comes from the church so old?  
And what is that light that is streaming so bright,  
Through the windows of gothic mould?

And what is that sound that is floating around,  
Yet scarce heard by listening ears?  
Its heavenly tone bears resemblance alone  
To the harmony of the spheres!

That light so bright, on that blessed night,  
Through the gothic windows that shone,  
Is the play of a ray of that endless day  
That encircles the Great White Throne.

And that music so sweet, that our senses greet,  
As though it were Heaven that sings—  
That music so rare that we hear in the air,  
Is the rustling of angel wings.

On either side are flung open wide  
The doors, late so firmly barred,  
While angels of light, in their robes of white,  
Before them are keeping guard.

But why this sight, on the dark midnight?  
And why are the angels here?  
And why at this hour do they show their power,  
In the church so lonely and drear?

They have taken the cross from the High Altar,  
Through the open door they have passed,  
They have borne the cross to St. Francis' cell,  
To the spot that he loved till the last.

Then the cell shone as day with a heavenly ray,  
Like the glorious light that poured  
When the angels, they say, rolled the stone away  
From the sepulchre of our Lord.

They have taken the cross from the High Altar,  
They have placed it once more in the cave,  
And never again shall St. Francis' cross  
Be seen 'neath a Gothic nave.

\* \* \* \* \*  
When morning came with its ruddy flame,  
The monks they did hie to the church,  
And they saw the loss of St. Francis' cross,  
And they quickly made anxious search.

And they searched with fear and with inward pain,  
And they found it once more in the cave,  
But when they returned to the convent again  
Their features were troubled and grave.

And then unto all spake the Cardinal:  
"Most grievously have we erred,

And this miracle has been done, that well  
We may bless our mighty Lord —

"For it teaches us that he hears our cry  
As well 'neath the humble cave,  
As when we kneel by the columns high  
That support the fretted nave.

"We may make our prayer on the mountain bare,  
Or beneath the frescoed dome,  
Yet still by our side our Lord will abide —  
Every place is to Him a home.

"While we worship here, we need feel no fear,  
And none while we worship there,  
For wherever we go we may truly know,  
That our Father is everywhere."

Perugia, Italy, April, 1858.

## The Diarist Abroad. No. 4.

OCT. 26.—In Wolfenbüttel. Yesterday we came from Bremen. At a station where I turned off to pay a visit to Minden friends, we parted from the last of our Athena associates our Fräulein Governess. It was her last connection with America, where she had so much of both pleasure and pain. Her "wander-years" are over—is it strange that tears accompanied her last "good bye?" God be with her!

In Hanover to-day I inquired after Joachim, hoping to see him, but he is still in England. How was it possible that, two years ago, the absurd story of his marriage with Bettina's daughter obtained currency? Nothing of the kind was ever dreamed of by the parties most interested.

In the afternoon we came hither—(Wolfenbüttel) and the rest of the day and evening was spent with Herr Ludwig Holle, who is doing in Germany in piano-forte music, what Novello has done in England with vocal.

We went through his establishment. In the main building on the square, so modest and retiring as not even to bear a sign to call attention to it, one flat is occupied by family apartments, his counting rooms, and the like. The others are fitted up, that below for forwarding of packages, that above for storage. If at Novello's I had feasted my eye upon his vast collection of vocal music, I had no less a feast in the long ranges of shelves, upon which lie heaped the piano-forte works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Bach, Weber, Clementi, Kramer, and the like.

Back of the house, on the bank of the little stream, which flows through Wolfenbüttel, leaving a narrow court between, he has erected a new building in which all his printing and stereotyping is done. Here is the press-room, with half a dozen small power presses at work; here is another press-room with lithographic and engraver's presses in motion—for Holle has also a large business in maps and charts. In another, we saw a dozen stereotypers at work; in a fourth the compositors, one of whom was setting up "Der Freyschütz," another "Oberon"—for a fine stereotyped edition of Weber's operas is on the tapis. In other rooms we saw all the usual departments of a large printing establishment, fully represented, and

finally, when we had finished all this, here is one more room. Holle enjoyed my evident surprise—for to me it was something new to find this department of the printing business represented in the establishment of a publisher—as I went in and found myself in a type foundry!

"I cannot afford to be always buying new type," said he in effect, "and I must have it continually, or it will be impossible to keep my plates up to the standard. I have therefore, to secure the final touch of perfection in my editions, put my own type foundry in operation, and you can judge for yourself of the excellence of the work."

Truly the work is excellent, as the new edition of his Beethoven Sonatas shows.

In the course of the afternoon and evening, I had opportunity of gratifying my curiosity most fully, in relation to his great undertaking. Great undertaking, I say. Here is a modest, retiring man, in a little city, of half a dozen thousand inhabitants, within from half an hour to six or eight hours ride by railroad, of Brunswick, Hanover, Bremen, Hamburg, Leipzig, Dresden, and Berlin, in all of which places you find music-publishing houses, some of which are among the most extensive in the world, who, at his own risk and in face of all the opposition of the princes of the music-dealers, has undertaken to place the greatest productions of the greatest masters within the reach of all classes of music lovers. He has been plagued and pestered by copyright suits, but has gained his cause in every case. He has worked his way along quietly but perseveringly—has conquered the position he holds by leaving his publications to speak for themselves. For instance, not a music-seller in Berlin would expose one of his volumes upon his counter. Very well, a few copies of the Beethoven and Mozart Sonatas were sent to Schneider and other booksellers, and they found immediate sale. People who already had the greater part of those sonatas, saw the price, as printed upon the covers of the volumes, examined them to see that the works were complete and correct, found that it would be cheaper to buy the whole in this form, than to complete their sets, and purchased. One purchaser made others. The edition of Beethoven and Mozart gradually went off, and Haydn followed.

The profits were exceedingly small, but it was a cash business, and he was able slowly to enlarge his sphere of operations.

By and by his enterprise began to attract the attention of musicians and teachers. The indefatigable Chrysander, exceedingly well fitted for the labor, by his long continued studies in old music, with Dehn and others, preparatory to his "Life of Handel," became interested in Holle and undertook the collection and editing from original sources the four volumes of Bach. Liszt lent his countenance to the enterprise, and when the publisher became dissatisfied with the appearance of his first edition of Beethoven's Sonatas, consented to edit Beethoven's piano-forte works *entire*.

When Holle told me about Liszt, I remarked with a smile, that it was a very good thing for him to have Liszt's name on the title pages; adding something, which implied the thought that the good pianist would not probably labor very hard in his editorial function. Holle understood me and without being offended, went into another room and brought me a proof-sheet of one of the sonatas for violin and piano-forte. My doubt needed no further answer. First Liszt has gone

through the sonatas with pen and ink; then a second time carefully, making his corrections, which are in some cases of the minutest character, with a red pencil; and finally, a third examination has shown still a few errors, which are noted with a common lead one.

He allows of no metronomic marks. Beethoven himself gave none, and those which we find on various editions are by Moscheles or some other player, and necessarily give their ideas, not Beethoven's. No, says Liszt, leave tempos to the player. If he has Beethoven's spirit he will get them right; if not, he cannot be taught.

Holle wished to include in his edition of Beethoven, the Symphonies arranged for two and for four hands. But by whom? a grave and troublesome question. By accident he learned that a man named F. W. Markull, (I think a music-director away out here on the Baltic coast, at Danzig,) had sent a manuscript to some publisher, containing such an arrangement complete. The man was not much known, and the publisher for sundry reasons was very willing to return the manuscript. Holle obtained it and sent it to Liszt. Liszt was delighted with it, and Holle has printed it. The new edition of the sonatas is not disfigured by advertising pages, as was the first. Excellent as that was for the price, this is much handsomer.

Fortunately for Holle, his business was so conducted that during the crisis last year he met with but two or three trivial losses, and now that things are upon a better footing, he is gaining the reward of his enterprise and perseverance.

#### The Character and Genius of Handel.

(From the Life, by Schöelcher.)

(Continued.)

Whatever touched his musical sense excited him like the Pythoness upon her tripod. At the conductor's desk he used to warn the chorus by calling out "chorus;" and the three contemporary biographers concur in saying that his voice, when he uttered that word, was "most formidable." Miss Hawkins, in her *Anecdotes*, relates of him a circumstance, "which the Dean of Raphoe (Dr. Allot,) who remembers him, lives to tell: that Handel, being questioned as to his ideas and feelings when composing the Alleluiah chorus, replied in his imperfect English, 'I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself.'"

When he was composing, his excitement would rise to such a pitch that he would burst into tears: "It is said, that a friend calling upon the great musician when in the act of setting these pathetic words, 'He was despised, and rejected of men,' found him absolutely sobbing."

"I have heard it related," says Shield, "that when Handel's servant used to bring him his chocolate in the morning, he often stood with silent astonishment to see his master's tears mixing with the ink, as he penned his divine notes."

The motion of his pen, active as it was, could not keep up with the rapidity of his conception. His MSS. were written with such impetuosity that they are very difficult to read. The mechanical power of the hand was not sufficient for the torrent of ideas which flowed from that volcanic brain. Mr. V. Novello, the learned publisher, who seems to have well studied the MSS. at the Fitzwilliam Museum, seeing a page on which the sand is still upon the ink at the top as well as at the bottom of the page, left in the book the following observation: "Observe the speed with which Handel wrote. The whole of this page is spotted with sand, and consequently must have all been wet at the same time."

Doubtless we must attribute to this mental ardor Handel's singular habit of employing three or four languages at a time, in speaking as well as in writing. He was a very impulsive man, and neither did nor said the same thing twice in the

same manner. He had no habits, and was certainly one of the greatest improvisers that ever lived. He was improvising, so to speak, every moment of his life. He had three or four different styles of handwriting. Sometimes his notes have heads so small and tails so thin, that they are more like fly-scratches; sometimes their heads are as big as bullets, with tails of terrible thickness. His MSS. are quite linguistic curiosities, for they contain thousands of memoranda of which no two are alike. One day they are in English, the next in German, the day following in Italian, and on another day in French; afterwards, in all these languages mingled together, as in the last memorandum to Berenice:—"Fine dell' opera Berenice, January 18, 1738, Ausgefüllten;" and then "Geendiget den January 27, 1737." So that "End of the opera" is in Italian, "To fill in" and "Completed" in German, and the dates in English. In his orchestration, the instruments are designated in turn by their Italian, French, and English names. Not only do these memoranda offer an image of the confusion of tongues, but even their place is changed every day; to the right, to the left, at the top, and at the bottom of the page, sometimes before the date, and sometimes after. They seem like a perpetual defiance given to human nature, whose general disposition it is to contract fixed habits.

It is a strange thing that this man, so inflammable, so accessible to anger, and the transports of inspiration, had nevertheless very moderate tastes. He ate largely, but he seems to have had an exceptional and unhealthy appetite to satisfy. The following anecdote is to be found in that little chronicle which is attributed to every great man's life. One day, being obliged to dine at a tavern, he ordered enough for three, and being impatient at the delay, he asked why they did not serve up. "We will do so," said the host, "as soon as the company arrives." "Den pring up te tinner prestissimo," replied Handel; "I am de gombany." A triple dinner seems a great deal, even for a famishing man, and it may be that the fact has been magnified for the sake of the joke; but it appears certain that he deserves the reproach of having been a *gourmand*, and too fond of good cheer. This is the vulnerable side upon which his adversaries always attack him, and upon which none of his friends have attempted to defend him. Yet nobody has accused him of gross intemperance Burney, it is true, relates the following story: "The late Mr Brown, leader of his majesty's band used to tell me several stories of Handel's love of good cheer, liquid and solid; as well as of his impatience. Of the former he gave an instance, which was accidentally discovered at his own house in Brook-street, where Brown, in the oratorio season, among other principal performers, was at dinner. During the repast, Handel often cried out, 'Oh! I have de taught;' when the company, unwilling that, out of civility to them, the public should be robbed of any thing so valuable as his musical ideas, begged he would retire and write them down; with which request, however, he so frequently complied, that, at last, one of the most suspicious had the ill-bred curiosity to peep through the key-hole into the adjoining room, where he perceived that 'dese taughts' were only bestowed on a fresh hamper of Burgundy, which, as was afterwards discovered, he had received in a present from his friend the late Lord Radnor, while his company was regaled with more generous and spirited port."

To this I do not attach the slightest credit; not only because it is ignoble, but because it is diametrically opposed to all that has been proved as to the liberality of Handel's character; because it would be impossible for the master of a house to leave the table every minute, under the pretext of an idea; and because it is impossible that a guest should follow his host from the table in order to spy out his proceedings through all the key-holes in the house. Handel was so proud a man, that he never could have given way to such a solitary indulgence. What must his domestics have thought of him, if they had seen him doing such a dirty trick? The anecdote is, moreover, self-contradictory, for we know that *bon vivants* do not like to drink alone.

Handel always lived a very retired life, and never married. Notwithstanding the love which he bore toward his mother, and his extremely charitable disposition, I must confess, not without regret, that the sentiments of affection do not appear (as the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim would say) to have been very strongly developed. Not one woman occupies the smallest place in the long career of his life. When he was in Italy, a certain lady named Vittoria, fell in love with him, and even followed him from Florence to Venice. Burney describes Vittoria as a songstress of talent. M. Féétis calls her "the Archduchess Vittoria;" but both agree that she was beautiful, and that she filled the part of the *prima donna* in *Roderigo*, his first Italian score.\* Artist or archduchess, either title was enough to turn the head of a young man twenty-four years old; but Handel disdained her love. All the English biographers say that he was too prudent to accept an attachment which would have been the ruin of both. This is a calumny; for he was never prudent. The bold struggles of his life prove that for him His refusal is only explicable on the ground of his indifference. I do not urge this in his praise, but I prefer that defect to the other.

But he had really no other passion than that for music. During the earlier part of his residence in London, he often went to St. Paul's when the afternoon service was finished. There, surrounded by some of his admirers, he delighted them by playing on the organ at that cathedral, which he preferred to all others. Night came, and then they retired to a neighboring tavern, the Queen's Arms, where there was a harpsichord, which he would play while he smoked his pipe and drank his beer. These were all his pleasures. Gradually, as he became more absorbed in his compositions and by the cares of management, he broke off all relations with society; he refused every invitation and only associated with three intimate friends, "a painter named Goupy;† one Hunter, a scarlet-dyer, who pretended a taste for music;‡ and his pupil and secretary, John Christopher Smith." He had others in the city, but he seemed to think that the honor of his acquaintance was a sufficient reward for the kindness they expressed for him.

Hawkins says "that no impudent visits, and few engagements to parties of pleasure, were suffered to interrupt the course of his studies. His invention ever teeming with new ideas, and his impatience to be delivered of them, kept him closely employed." He seldom left his house, except to go to the theatre or to some picture auction. He was a connoisseur of pictures, and possessed some valuable ones. His sole amusement was to go and see exhibitions of them. Alas! his blindness deprived him of that pleasure a long time before his death.

(To be Continued.)

\* At that period, and even later, it was not uncommon to find princes and princesses singing in the pieces which were produced at their courts.

† Hawkins.

‡ It would be curious to know whether there were two painters named Goupy, and whether this one was the caricaturist; for Handel was not the sort of man to be reconciled to one who had so outrageously ridiculed him.

§ Hawkins, in relating these peculiarities, says that Hunter, "at a great expense, had copies made for him of all the music of Handel that he could procure."

#### An English View of Piccolomini.

(From the London Musical Gazette, October 2.)

On Tuesday last no inconsiderable crowd of fashionable company was attracted to Sydenham by the announcement that Mdlle. Piccolomini would take leave of the English public in a *special* concert, in the programme of which she was the chief figure. The popularity of the young and certainly gifted artist was never more completely attested than on this occasion, for London is at the present moment more than usually bare of occupants, yet was there as large an attendance as we have witnessed on some of the grand days in the height of the season. We should be loth to attribute this popular enthusiasm to the public admiration of Mdlle. Piccolomini as a vocalist, although it was in this character alone that she made her appearance on Tuesday; we would rather express a conviction that the flattering tribute paid to the young lady by the largeness of the attendance and the hearty applause of those who attended, was in recognition of her talent as an actress—a re-

cognition willingly and generously accorded, though in her last English appearance she was not exhibiting in the line for which she is so peculiarly fitted. Artistically suggesting, Mdlle. Piccolomini should have taken leave at Her Majesty's Theatre, her talent being in the histrionic and not in the vocal line; otherwise, there is no place like the Crystal Palace for a "demonstration," and it was probably on this ground that a building in which Mdlle. Piccolomini had *never before* appeared, should have been selected for her last appearance in this country.

The fair Siennese is now on her way to America, and we would particularly impress upon our transatlantic brethren that the demonstration of Tuesday last must not be taken as evidence of her talent as a vocalist, but as a token of reminiscent admiration of her powers as an actress. Any other interpretation of Tuesday's enthusiasm would be a libel on the perceptive capabilities of those present, for Mdlle. Piccolomini cannot be accused of being a good singer. Her voice is of a sympathetic character, and she is invariably in tune, but her defects in singing—inequality of tone, and inability as regards vocalization—have been more painfully apparent every time we have heard her, and this of course more particularly in the concert-room, where, though she is abundantly animated, she cannot enter unreservedly into the action of the stage.

Mdlle. Piccolomini is easily "reckoned up." We have just given our opinion of her cantatory qualifications, and, with regard to her stage talent, we can speak of her Violetta as a most touching specimen of the domestic dramatic; her Norina, as a piece of the prettiest coquettishness and fascination (though perhaps a little too girlish for the sly widow), and her Maria (in *La Figlia del Reggimento*) as perfect in its way. Her performance in *Luisa Miller* was the most artistic of all, but the opera is such a miserable perpetration on the part of Signor Verdi, that we can scarcely bear to revert to it. Her personification of the Zingara, in the Italian version of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, was commendable, but the part does not afford much scope for histrionism; it is a pretty, quiet, girlish part, that could be played by any young lady in a case of amateur theatricals,—or, rather operatics—in a drawing-room. *Lucia* was a dangerous opera for her to appear in. Jenny Lind palpably failed in it, with the advantages of a marvellous voice, and a most wondrous facility in making use thereof, and it is not a little remarkable that no Lucia comes forward now-a-days. The careful avoidance of the part by the generality of *prime donne*—for the opera is far too good to be shelved,—is a little significant.

Mdlle. Piccolomini's "farewell to England" has been the musical event of the week. Let us return to it, and state of what materials the programme was composed. The young lady's songs were "Ah fors' è lui," "Vedrai carino," and "Convien partir." Mozart's aria was encored—or rather Mdlle. Piccolomini was encored, since she gave in response to the demand, Balfe's "I dreamt that I dwelt," in English. Signor Giuglini, the only other vocalist, obtained a vociferous encore for Balfe's "Tu m'ami" ("When other lips") : taking the compliment to himself, he replied with "La donna è mobile." We are exceedingly curious to know how it was that the Crystal Palace band was provided with the orchestral parts of "La donna" and "I dreamt." Surely the vocalists were not concealed enough to take it for granted that they should be encored in even one piece!

"Convien partir," the song in which Maria (*La Figlia*) takes a heartbroken leave of her military companions, would have answered very well as a *Chanson d'adieu* on the present occasion, sung as it was with great feeling and real significance by the young *prima donna*, but it was followed by the joyous "Liambo" from *La Traviata* (the chorus by Signori Aldighieri, Castelli, and Rossi) which sounded very much like "*au revoir*." We have no faith in "farewells" on the part of artists. It is an exceedingly difficult thing to take leave of the public, whether the singer does it for the love of money, or from enthusiasm for the art, and we have had such profuse proof of this difficulty on the part of some whose fame justified their announcing a "farewell" as an attractive piece of business, that we look with eyes of the utmost doubt and disbelief on all such advertisements. Mdlle. Piccolomini sailed on Thursday for the United States, so there can be no question as to the fact of her having left us, but, though she has a wide field in America, and might occupy her time and employ her talents to the best advantage for years to come, we cannot believe that she has bid farewell to England, as stated in the advertisements of the Crystal Palace Company, which ought not to tell stories, though we are convinced they have fibbed in this instance. We have heard it said that the young lady returns in some six months; if this be true, the demonstration of Tuesday last must be looked upon

as an absurdity. The cheering and kerchief-waving at the conclusion of the concert, and on the departure of Mdlle. Piccolomini through the building, though real and hearty, must have caused her to laugh in her sleeve, when she knew that in so short a time she would again be amongst her English admirers, and ready to accept an engagement from any one who shall be rash enough to take Her Majesty's Theatre. Let us not be too hard upon the authoress of this excitement. It may have been a *bond fide* leave-taking, but we would rather believe it to have been sham, for Mdlle. Piccolomini can ill be spared. Few artists have acquired public esteem so rapidly, and few have become, after any period of probation, so thoroughly popular. Her position is owing to her peculiar earnestness of manner, her complete entrance into every part which she undertakes (whether she is successful in *every* part is a different matter), and her sympathetic quality of voice. The fact of her being an indifferent vocalist, only renders her good qualities the more conspicuous and remarkable; and, though she is neither a Grisi nor a Bosio, we cannot afford to lose her at present.

Although this was what might have been termed an "opera concert," the Crystal Palace band was employed, conducted by Signor Arditi. Mr. Manns directed Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle* overture, which was the only instrumental piece introduced.

#### Mdlle. Piccolomini's Debut in New York.

(From the Courier and Enquirer, Oct. 14.)

It is safe to say that the Academy of Music never witnessed a scene of such intense excitement as passed within its crowded and overcrowded walls last evening. One can scarcely imagine a more exciting spectacle than the first appearance of a great artist whose fame has been heralded, and who is known to have powers of fascination, the precise character of which remains yet to be experienced. The very indefiniteness of the coming sensation gives it a zest which cannot, in the very nature of things, attach to subsequent familiarity. With Signora PICCOLOMINI this is peculiarly the case. Her name of itself sets the imagination to play. A scion of one of the oldest Italian families, which has counted among its members Pope PIUS II., of high repute, and OTTINI PICCOLOMINI, the hero of one of SCHILLER's greatest tragedies, the niece of a living Cardinal, figuring as a *prima donna* in Italian opera before American Republicans is in itself a novelty that could not fail of exciting the liveliest curiosity; but when to this was joined distinction for beauty and for genius, of course we could expect nothing but just such a perfect furor of excitement as found expression at the Academy last evening. Greater artists in particular excellencies, doubtless have been amongst us. Of course it will not do to attribute to Signora PICCOLOMINI the peerless brilliancy of JENNY LIND, or the dramatic intensity of GRISI, or the mellow richness of ALBONI, or the exquisite grace of SONTAG, yet it ought not to be forgotten that she is as yet but in the beginning of her career. And even young as she is, she exhibits a remarkable union of high qualities as an artist, and in some respects her very youth is in her favor. At the very opening of the opera, as will be remembered, the curtain rises upon the character she assumed—*Violetta*; and it required but a glance at her, as seated on her couch, to see in her bright and expressive features and slight and graceful form at least one good title to take her audience captive; and as the play opens and the banquet begins, there was no disputing her right to say, *Sarò l'Ebe che versa*, "I will be his Hebe." She looked a Hebe indeed. Nor in regard to the qualities of her voice was her audience left long uncertain. Her sparkling carol at the end of the drinking song, and her aria, *Ah, fors' è lui che*, full of tender passion and beautifully executed, revealed at once no common vocal powers. Her voice may be called a *Soprano sfogato*—and admirably combines sweetness, clearness, and flexibility. She sings with little effort, and every tone responds freely and charmingly to every changing impulse of feeling. The part of *Violetta* nowhere imposes a very severe test of vocal capabilities, but the ease and success with which she executed that exuberant aria last mentioned, both in the pathos of the *andante* and the vivacity of the quick movement, which ranges up to D in alt, give rich promise of what we are to hear in

more difficult music. This first act completely established PICCOLOMINI in the enthusiastic regards of the audience. At its close she was called before the curtain no less than three times, and was not let off until she again gave the last gushing lines of the *aria*. The house rang with acclamations, and the bouquets fell in a shower. But the peculiar calls made upon the heroine in *La Traviata* are histrionic in character—for, despite the popularity of the opera, there is no gainsay that its musical merits entitle it to only a second or third rank among Verdi's productions. It was in the second act that Signora PICCOLOMINI began to display her powers as an actress. Here the distracting relinquishment of her love before the demands and entreaties of Alfred's father takes place, and her parting from Alfred; and she rendered these scenes with remarkable effect. It would be hard to imagine any more thrilling expression of feeling than the utter anguish of the line with which the parting closes, *Amarie, Alfredo quant io t' amo—Addio!* The scene, towards the close of the act, when Violetta is insulted and held up to shame by the misled Alfred, in the presence of the gay company, will not be forgotten by any who beheld it. It was not what she sang, for the expressionless music is not worth heeding, but what she acted—the overpowering sense of insults, the crushing weight of despair, the convulsive clutching of hands, the trembling and relaxing of the whole frame—all was in the very highest style of dramatic art, worthy, we might almost say, of a RISTORI or a RACHEL. And the triumph she thus earned in the second act, she sustained through all the lingering agony of the third. The reading of the letter—the tottering across the room and contemplation of her changed countenance in the mirror—her sinking exhausted into the chair—her breathing out the sad aria in A minor, *Addio! del passato bei sogni ridenti*—her listening to the distant Bacchanalian chorus, as the dying Desdemona in *Otello* listens to the chant of the gondoliers—her jubilant revulsions of feeling on the return of Alfred—her shriek to her attendant to make haste for the physician that she may again live—her quick giving way to utter helplessness and hopelessness as she bewails in the duet with Alfred the disease and death that cannot be escaped—the bestowing of the last gift, and the finally exultant yielding up of the last breath were all portrayed with a dramatic fidelity our pen cannot describe. Her immense audience was completely rapt with interest; and at the close, gave vent to their feelings in the stormiest demonstration. The whole evening's performance was a complete triumph to her; and we do not believe there was a person in the house whose anticipations, high as they may have been, were not more than realized. PICCOLOMINI's conception of the heroine is somewhat peculiar; she not only divests what is really a painful character of all its repulsive features, but makes it positively captivating. This of course exalts the artistic effect, but whether it is not done at the expense of the moral influence, may be questioned. Signor STEFFANI sustained the part of Alfred with great credit. He delivered the concluding stanza of the drinking song in broad and vigorous style, and the solo *Oh mio remoso* in the second act he executed admirably, and well earned the encore he received. The baritone Signor FLORENZA represented Germont with dignity and sensibility. He did fine justice to the lines *Dunque in vano trovato* at the interview with his son, and was encored.

The Orchestra under the direction of Signor MUZIO did well, and also the numerous choruses. Senorita SOTO and the *corps de ballet* added much to the brilliancy of the spectacle. The *mise en scène* was excellent; costumes were new and splendid, and scenery and every accessory were irreproachable. The entire representation, in all of its features, went off with the utmost *eclat*, and Mr. ULMANN has reason to congratulate himself that he has inaugurated his new campaign with a triumph so absolutely complete and unequivocal.

From the Tribune.

We did not hear Mlle. Piccolomini in the first act, and judge of her from her rendering of the second, third and fourth acts. In person she is rather under

the middle height. In carriage she is graceful and high bred. Her face boasts a pair of dark eyes of exceeding vitality and expression, well-turned features, and remarkable powers of mobility. Her nature evidently is quick, ardent and enthusiastic. Her voice is warmly toned and in the lachrymose portions of the opera, which abound, is full of the loveliness of tragic sorrow. In quality it is not of the highest rank, but the electricity of the artist lends it at the climax of intensity an expression which is apart and truly admirable. In the three acts which we heard there is no florid music, so we cannot judge of her ability to execute it. In declamatory and sustained singing passages she is excellent. Her phrasing leaves nothing to be desired. Her enunciation is perfect. With a true air of high Italian nature, she is prodigal of facial expression, answering to the sentiment of the moment. As an actress, she is charming. Her play of the arms is particularly good. The last scene of the broken-hearted, dying consumptive was best at the close. The tremulous agony of joy at meeting her lover was exquisitely faithful to nature. The impression left on us was not that of a grand, but a beautiful artist—finished and fascinating. The applause of the audience was heartiest at the end, when Mlle. Piccolomini received the honor of a triple call before the curtain. Her dressing, we may add, was excellent—in the best French taste.

The tenor, Signor Steffani, except a tendency to a certain robustiousness, which is out of place, contributed much to the success of the evening.

The new baritone, Signor Florenza, is a remarkable acquisition. Except a disposition to overween his music, he afforded no point for diluted praise. His method and style are beautiful. He phrases well to a charm. Every word is as distinct as if spoken. His voice is really a low tenor, of exceeding purity, flexibility and sentimental quality. His solo called forth a thundering encore, and from that moment his success was assured.

From the Times.

Without positive owlishness it is impossible to be blind to the fact that Mlle. Piccolomini's influence over the audience is the result more of manner than method. She is not an astonishing vocalist, nor is she gifted with a voice of extraordinary power. If we try to analyze what it is that gives her preeminence, we must, at the outset, discard these ordinary considerations. Much as her vocal powers have been underrated, they are still in no proportion to her immense histrionic capacity, which embraces so wide a range of emotion that it overshadows everything else. Her voice is a very charming soprano, soft yet full, and of fair compass, though evidently not yet fully developed. It is as fresh as voice can be, and as supple as youth, without much experience, can make it. Under the impulse of emotion it vibrates with feeling, and by indescribable inflection illuminates with electrical quickness, a train of deep sentiment, even as the lightning illuminates the vale. It is this rare gift which distinguishes the true from conventional art, and we have seldom seen it manifested more wonderfully than in the case of Mlle. Piccolomini. Her entire performance is, in fact, a protest against conventionality, and to this circumstance we attribute her great success in England, where things in art as in everything else, move in the most steady and antiquated grooves. To say that this independence of model is mere talent, would be absurd. It is genius of the best kind, because creative, and absolutely free from the taint of imitation. Blended as it was with all the gracious suavity of youth, and the bearing of good society, it is not remarkable that Mlle. Piccolomini astonishes as much as she captivates her audiences.

From the Courier des Etats Unis.

In fact, Mlle. Piccolomini, on this first evening, was far from producing one of those unanimous, decisive impressions from which a sort of judgment may be formed without appeal. She was applauded, called out and stormed with bouquets. But this flattery could not close the critic's eyes and ears. An agreeable voice, but deficient in body and firmness, and acting that had at times too much mannerism, these were the weaknesses observed in the two first acts.

In the last, the artist recovered herself, both as to the singing and as to the scenic sentiment. But she could not entirely efface the first impressions, and in fine, the public dispersed with some hesitation as to the exact rank to assign the new prima donna.

### Musical Correspondence.

BERLIN, SEPT. 17.—Three weeks to-day in Berlin again! Three busy weeks, happily too, just at the season when one hears no music, that is to say,

at this season of most delicious weather, clear, not too warm, when fruit of all kinds is ripe, when it is the height of enjoyment to be away from the large cities among the hills and mountains of the Hartz country, Silesia, Saxony, Bohemia, Thuringia, the Rhine region, and so on. At this season everybody is away and the musicians have their vacation. Hence we have had opera only about three times a week in the Royal house;—"Robert the Devil," "Huguenots," "Don Juan," "Jessonda," "Lac des Fées," "Wasserträger," and works by Donizetti, and other Italians, — and once or twice a week the splendid ballets for which Berlin is famous. Out at Kroll's the light French operas,—"Le Domino Noir" for instance—are running some three times a week; at the better class of gardens, we find in all, but about three good symphony concerts weekly, which is a great failing off. Stern's Singing Society meets every Monday evening from 5 to 7, but "everybody" being away, he has but about 100 voices present. It was rather good though, last Monday, to hear part of Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," Mozart's "Ave Verum Corpus," and other short pieces sung by these hundred voices!

So you see we are cut off from music, because the season has not yet begun. We can hear the Dom Chor, however, Sunday mornings, but that seems to me to have fallen off within three years past,—perhaps, however, as winter comes on and the rehearsals for the concerts begin, it will come up again. "John," however, thinks, as it is, that that choir sings, and that on the whole there is some music to be heard here. Your regular Berlin correspondent "ff" complains sadly of the constant repetitions of old works, and the few opportunities one has to hear that which is new in the opera house. I can easily conceive that to a musician, an old resident of the city, this fact is a just cause of complaint; but there are two classes of persons who have exceeding good cause to be pleased with the arrangement—the one, all those who are benefitted by having full houses; the other, all persons who, never before having had opportunity to hear the great master works of the opera, would, if they could have the selection, demand just such a succession of them as they here, especially at this season, find.

As at all events at this time of year the boxes of the fashionable world would be rather empty, I consider it as wise on the part of the directors as it is pleasant for us strangers, that works are given which crowd the other parts of the house. Having neglected to get a ticket for "Don Juan" the other morning, I found such a crush there in the evening that I turned away as did a great many others. You should have heard "John" talk about it next day!

But, enough of this!

Certain readers of the Journal—perhaps more correctly, divers persons, who promised to be subscribers and readers—have my promise in return, to devote some space in one of my first communications to questions in relation to the study of music here,—its expense, the advantages offered, and the like.

If a person has nothing but money-making in view, and merely wishes on his return to say: "When I was studying at the Conservatory at Paris or Leipzig," or, "when I was told of this, that, or the other famous man," I am, unfortunately, not able to give him any advice—or if able, not disposed. There have already been too many humbugs of that sort here, and that not alone in music.

The comparative advantages and disadvantages of different cities here as places for musical study, depend, of course, to a certain extent, upon the real object which the student has in view. For general musical culture, it is as important for the student to be where he can hear the most music of all schools

and of all kinds, as it is for the student of literature to be where he has the best libraries at command and the most frequent opportunities of meeting with literary men, of hearing them speak in public oftenest, and so on. If a young man wishes merely to study Latin and Greek, he may, perhaps, find as good a teacher in some small "one-horse" college out West as anywhere; but if his ambition is to become a scholar, in any high sense of the term, how much better it will be for him to go at once to Harvard or Yale, admits of no argument. Take a case or two. Here is a young man or woman whose object is to become a good and thorough teacher of the pianoforte, and possibly of singing. General musical culture is important to all, but in this case the question of economy may be paramount. I should advise such an one, if not very much advanced in the art, to enter one of the music schools of Germany. Which one, so far as I can see, is of little importance. That at Leipzig, that at Cologne, or either of the three here in Berlin would answer the purpose. But when one comes three thousand miles to study music, one would naturally wish to be where much good music is to be heard—a certain sum of money for concerts and opera is reckoned among the necessary expenses of the visit to Europe. In this regard Berlin offers double the advantages that any other city in Europe can. But then they must be paid for. One cannot live in Boston or New York and enjoy the privileges of city life so cheaply as he can live out in some country town. That is true, all the world over. Berlin is a great capital of 450,000 inhabitants, and it costs more to live here than in a small town. But here comes in another question; is it not better to employ a certain amount of money in obtaining two years of study and cultivation here, than to spend the same for three years in some small place, with half or a quarter of the opportunities for improvement? If a musical student's object is to become a pianoforte virtuoso, and he has already reached a certain degree of skill, it is clearly his best course to bury himself in the little city of Weimar and study with Liszt,—if Liszt will take him. But for nine out of ten who come to Europe to study pianoforte it would be throwing away time and money to go to Weimar, just as it would be for a young man, whose object is to become a mere civil engineer, and who has not gone beyond arithmetic, a little geometry, and algebra, to go to Cambridge, Mass., and undertake to study privately with Pierce in the highest region of mathematics, or to Paris to study with Le Verrier.

To go back to our young teacher. He has a certain amount of money, and the point is to use it to the greatest advantage in Europe, in fitting himself to be a teacher.

No one will deny that the number of music teachers with us, who have really pursued any system in their studies, or have made any great progress in their profession, is small,—though happily, I grant, increasing. Few of these teachers, in case they came to Europe, would be foolish enough to think of becoming "great pianists," or virtuosos in any department, and of throwing away their funds in paying one to two dollars a lesson to some great finger gymnast. A very few weeks spent among the musical people of Leipzig or Berlin would show most of them that, for the attainment of any really eminent skill, they have yet the foundation to lay—the A B C to learn. What it seems to me they need is just that sort of instruction which they would get in some one of the music schools. Especially if a young man or woman, who has had only the ordinary advantages of our smaller cities or towns, has the object in view of becoming fitted to superintend the entire musical department in a school, I consider the only wise and economical course to be to enter a Conservatorium. The advantage of this course, to put it in the most

general form, is precisely the same as that of going to an academy and college, instead of depending upon private teachers for a knowledge of science or letters.

Of the teachers, whom I know, a great majority need at least two years of this kind of instruction, however great their diligence.

What particular school to select is, I take it, a matter of not very great importance. For an American, I should say, considering all the circumstances of the case, those at Leipzig and in this city are preferable. But whether to select the Leipzig Conservatorium or either of the schools here, of which Stern and Kullak are respectively at the head, would depend not so much upon any great difference of advantages offered in the character of the instructors, as upon matters outside the school. The course of instruction is about the same in all. In all, the pupil has his regular lessons in instrumental performance, in counterpoint and composition, in singing and music generally.

Happening to have a circular of Stern's school only before me, I will give an abstract of it, with the remark that it will answer pretty well for the others. The instructions naturally divide themselves into two classes, — theoretical and practical.

The former class includes, as I see on this circular, elementary instruction, harmony, melody, composition, (in its several departments of vocal, figural, fugual, pianoforte and orchestral), History of Music, method of instruction, playing from scores, conducting, declamation (musical), and the Italian language.

The second class, 1. Vocal music; elementary for the voice and articulation; cultivation of the ear; singing in chorus and *ensemble*; solo singing, both in concert and church music; and dramatic vocalization.

2. Pianoforte playing, from the elements up to virtuosity; playing with orchestra, or concerted pieces with fewer instruments.

3. Study and practise of orchestral instruments, both for solo, concerted, and full orchestra music.

It is considered of high importance for every pupil—though it is not demanded—to study singing and some orchestral instrument, even though the principal objects he has in view be merely the study of the pianoforte and the theory of music and composition. By doing this, he has variety in his studies, and is enlarging the sphere of his knowledge without sacrificing at all his specialties.

I give the names of the principal teachers:

Music Director Weitzmann:—Elements, Theory, Harmony, History of Music.

Lührs, (a rising composer):—Counterpoint, Fugue, Composition.

Music Director Stern:—Accompaniment, Thoroug-bass, Score Playing, and Directing.

Hans von Bülow, Herr Golde, Herr Schwanzer, and Herr Wolff:—Pianoforte.

Stern and Bülow:—Playing with 4 and 8 hands, with Other Instruments and from Score.

Dr. Luigi Bossi:—Italian Language.

Wagner, (of the Royal Opera):—Declamation and Dramatic Performance.

Oertling, and others of the many excellent musicians, of whom Berlin possesses such a multitude:—the various Orchestral Instruments.

Schwanzer, one of our best Organists, teaches that instrument.

There is a good deal of practice in chorus singing with orchestra, under Stern, one of the very best conductors I ever saw, and who has made himself famous for the style in which he has brought out recently, in his singing society, Beethoven's "9th Symphony" and great "Mass in D," and Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

Though Bülow is among the very first of the younger class of pianists—some say he is the first in Berlin—my impression is that in Kullak's school

the piano is on the whole more successfully taught—certainly Kullak's organ instructor, Haupt, is the greatest player in Germany, now that Johann Schneider's day is over—and probably—nay, doubtless, in the world.

On the other hand, I am led to think that in the vocal department, Stern's school stands best.

Of course I cannot go into all the particulars. I have said so much merely to give some idea of these schools, and to justify what is said above,—that it makes but little difference in what particular school an industrious, observing person becomes a pupil.

As to Leipzig and Berlin, the difference between the two cities is, that one is a great capital and centre of Art, the other a provincial town. In Berlin there is always music to be heard; one learns music, as he does the language, by continually hearing it "spoken." But, on the other hand, I suppose it costs more to live there. I find a very marked change since I left for home in April, 1856. Rooms that then were rented for five or six thalers a month, cost now from seven to ten.

"But, Sir, why not give us the figures in full?"

I'll try.

Passage from New York to Bremerhaven, see the newspapers for steamships; but if you will do as I have done twice, take passage in a first class Bremen sailing ship, you will pay fifty dollars. At the end of the passage you will give as "drink money" to the steward a dollar or two. Reckon your passage up to Bremen on the steamboat as another dollar; half a dollar will get you and all your baggage to the hotel, and a couple more dollars will pay your hotel bill for a day and get you to the station, or ought to do so. Ten dollars is amply sufficient to carry you from Bremen to Berlin, where, for the two or three days which must elapse before you find rooms, you will be at an expense of \$1.50 to \$2 per day.

If you can so arrange your plans and come by sailing vessel to Bremen or Hamburg, then sail about the end of May or the beginning of June, for it is very important that you should be here learning the language, so that when you begin your music lessons you will be able to understand your instructors. Hence you ought to be here in July. Until the middle or the end of September you will employ yourself in studying German (to which end take with you from home a Grammar, Adler's Lexicon, and a reading book) and in hearing the opera and the garden symphony concerts.

This is a digression.

Once in Berlin, you begin to run about seeking rest and finding none—for "rest" read "rooms." Then you meet some American, perhaps, at the Café Baviere or the Belvidere, where you get your dinners, and tell him your trouble. You have been in this street and in that, hither and yon, and the only decent rooms you can find they charge four or five dollars a week for. He smiles, and asks if you can speak German. No, say you. "Well," he says, "for a room that they ask you 12 thalers a month for, they would ask a German student 8—and this for two reasons; the people think that whoever speaks English is a goose to be plucked, and, as a general rule, English and American students, when they first come to Germany, until they have learned and to some extent adopted German habits, make a great deal more trouble and expense for their landladies. I will give you an hour or two after dinner and we will see what we can find."

N. B. that all this is some two months before the beginning of the term, October 1; so that it is not particularly necessary for you to be near the music school into which you desire to enter.

Do not be in a hurry about getting your pianoforte. Take things easy. Go every day to hear an opera, or to some symphony concert. Hear all the music you possibly can, so as to "get the sharp edge worn off," for when you are fairly at work in your school

you will not have time to follow up concerts so closely—but during these two months make your daily task at least six hours hard study in the language. Get a musical work or two and study it as a German reading book—not as a musical text book—because your first object must be to learn the German musical terms and expressions. If you should work in this way three months it would be no loss of time. Just as soon as you can make yourself understood, and can understand others, go and see Stern, Kullak, and Haupt,—better to get some American, who “knows the ropes,” to go with you,—and have a talk with them. Get permission to visit a few classes, if you can, and see how you like.

But I am away off again from the topic of expenses! Well then, by the first of October or of April, when the terms begin—six terms or three years is the regular course for beginners—you are settled in your room at from \$5 to \$10 a month, as you think fit. You have a Grand Pianoforte, for which you pay from \$2 to \$4 per month, according to its value. For the study of the organ you have a set of pedals adapted to the piano, costing perhaps as much more.

Your “portion” of coffee and bread and butter, &c., need not cost over thaler or a dollar a week. You dine at an eating house, as do probably 25,000 other persons daily, at an expense of 15 to 20 cents of our money. Your tea or regular supper may cost you from 10 to 30 cents, as you will. Washing is about 50 to 75 cents per dozen, according as you have many small pieces or not. You must buy your own lamp and pay your landlady for the oil you burn. Your room has a great tile stove, which is heated with wood twice or three times a day, according to circumstances, costing 10 to 15 cents a day.

The regular fees at the Music Schools amount to about \$8 per month of our money. Private instruction is to be had for all prices, from 25 cents to \$1.50 per lesson. The regular first-class concerts, if subscribed for, cost 20 silver-groschen (50 cents) each. Liebig's ordinary series, if you buy several tickets at once, cost 7½ cents each; his higher class concerts in the Sing Akademie, 25 cents. The opera costs 75, 56, 42, 25 cents, according to place. Do not bring many clothes, many books, nor much music; the transportation costs money, and all you want can be got much cheaper here.

I think of nothing farther to say to that particular class of students for whom I am now writing, except to ask, whether two or three years here, with all these advantages, cannot be enjoyed at a less cost than attends the spending of five or six months a year, for two or three years, in Boston or New York?

If any Subscriber to the Journal of Music has any questions to ask through its columns, I will do my best to answer them.

A. W. T.

**NEW YORK, OCT. 26.—THE** great musical sensation—the debut of PICCOLOMINI—has transpired, and the excitement is already subsiding.

Of course there was a crowded house at the Academy of Music, and the auditorium, with its additional lights and its bewildering array of female beauty, presented a really imposing appearance. The audience was well disposed to be pleased, and there were a number of excellent people who were present purposely to applaud—at least so I judged from the startling exuberance of their enthusiasm, which was constantly bursting out in wrong places and did not know when to stop.

They had a very pretty bit of new scenery for the opening scene; the stage was brilliantly illuminated with chandeliers, and the chorus were numerous and gorgeously dressed. It was quite exciting to look at them; the men were very gallant to the ladies, and the singer with the long legs, I noticed, was very attentive to the lady with the corkscrew curls, and, during the banquet, helped her several times to empty

plates, and gave her two or three pasteboard gilt goblets to drink out of; she seemed to be gratified with these attentions.

After a while Piccolomini sailed in, looking quite enchanting in yellow silk with blue trimmings. She was received with great applause, and acknowledged it very gracefully; the chorus then gabbled a little, and there was heard the popping of corks from champagne bottles, (the chorus had nothing to do with these)—only the principal performers who sat round the little table in the centre,) and pretty soon the tune for the drinking song came along. Piccolomini sang the *Brindisi* very sweetly and archly, but without the *abandon* that Gazzaniga throws into it. The following duet, with the tenor, called for no special comment, and then the little prima donna was left alone on the stage to sing the most brilliant cavatina in the opera—the finale of the first act.

To be sure, she did it very sweetly and gracefully, with even so many bewitching gestures and shakes of the head—and then she avoided the runs and difficult passages so nicely that the alterations after all made little difference. She was called before the curtain three times, and repeated the cavatina. Everybody said afterwards, that she was a charming creature, excepting the critical owls who said she couldn't sing the music.

In the next act she was better, because there was more dramatic action, and less florid music; the duet with her lover's father was a very touching performance. In the last act she both acted and sang well, but did nothing really startling—nothing to call for special comment.

Piccolomini is by no means a great singer—Her voice, though somewhat sympathetic, is not powerful, and can scarcely be heard in the concerted pieces. Her execution is smooth, though not facile; and a difficult chromatic passage she will turn off into something else that is easier. Everybody knows that her *force* lies in her acting, and for this she is certainly deserving of praise. It is not in startling bursts of passion that she is great—the very delicacy of her *physique* would incapacitate her for excelling in the Miss Heron or Gazzaniga line—but it is in her really exquisite play that she is almost unrivaled. Every phrase of the libretto, she utters, is accompanied by some singularly appropriates gesture or motion, that seems so perfectly natural, you at once wonder no other representative of the part has ever made use of it. Piccolomini would make an excellent mimic artist, and in the part of Fenella, in *Masaniello*, would be irresistible, for her features are mobile, expressive as well as beautiful.

Of course she *takes*, and the house is thronged every night. The critics are very just and unanimous in their estimate of her abilities. While awarding to the young prima donna much praise for her finished and touching style of acting, and for her sympathetic singing, they all acknowledge that she is not a first-class opera singer—that is, as musically considered. Our audiences have heard so many that are really superior, that they cannot easily rush into ecstasies over a pretty enthusiastic little girl. Mademoiselle Piccolomini is certainly delightful to see and hear, but she will not be as permanently popular as a finished artiste like La Grange. And yet after all, even though the new comer is not a “finished artiste,” there is something indescribably delightful in listening to the voice of a beautiful child of genius, like Piccolomini—in seeing her passionate, yet polished action—and wondering how it is that a girl of twenty-two, without much voice or remarkable vocal cultivation, can for hours enchain the attention, and enlist the heartfelt sympathies of thousands of hearers.

TROVATOR.

**HARTFORD, CONN., OCT. 26.—I** wish I could give you a glowing account of some fine concert which has come off in this city, but I cannot. We have been free from all such innovations in any shape or color, excepting two instances, i.e. “Campbell's Minstrels” and one other; of which latter I will write briefly.

The Concerts given a year ago or more by Thalberg and his troupe, and the one still later by Formes, Cooper and others, may be recollect as delightful

oases in the vast desert of poor entertainments, in the way of music, which have been offered us from time to time, for two or three years past, from the fact that they were free from all taint of “trickery”—solid and satisfactory,—everything performed being legitimate and well done—carrying out to the letter “all that was on the bills.” Ullman is a great talker, but he generally does as he says he will; but some how or other, when Strakosch is named as being connected with any concert enterprise, there is an involuntary feeling that you are going to be “taken in” in other ways than at the door. Two weeks ago our city was thrown into a musical excitement by the announcement in two or three of our “dailies” of an “Opera in Hartford!” which then went on to tell of the novelty of such a thing, and how the entire force of STRAKOSCH's company were coming, &c., &c.! Only little Springfield just above us had a real, live opera given by the Cooper-Milner troupe; why shouldn't we have one by the great STRAKOSCH, COLSON & CO's! Where was it to be given? We have no hall large enough for such a purpose. What was the opera? The new one called “Trovatory,” perhaps. How magnificent! “Opera in Hartford!” What an event! And so we waited for the red bill posters to give us information upon all these points. The *Morning Courant*, however, relieved us; it contained a manifesto which amounted to this: That I, Maurice Strakosch, Prince of Humbug, and pianist to the Princes Oldgal, of the Court of Saltpeetersburg, will give a grand operatic concert, (a thing never before heard of in this out-of-the-way place,) for the express purpose of affording an opportunity for Madlle. THERESA PARODI to take a last farewell of the citizens of Hartford “prior to her departure for Europe.” “Ye that have tears, &c.” Madlle. Parodi will be kindly assisted by my wife, she that was “Little Patti” years and years ago, but now called Madame Strakosch for short, and other artists too numerous to mention. This operatic concert will be given in the “Unitarian Church!” “Opera in Hartford!” As the *Courant* actually had it, the programme will be made up of selections from “J. Parrotti” and other operas. The bubble was pricked, and the great “opera in Hartford” suddenly collapsed!

The concert was good enough in its way, but those who went to hear “Maurice” play “Yankee Doodle with variations” went away disappointed, for the “Prince” was in New York with Colson, Brignoli, Junca, &c., arranging for an opera there, and had left the “small fry” to sing the “Star Spangled Banner,” and “Jerusalem thou that killest!” in Hartford. Now isn't that a perfect specimen of Strakosch humbuggery? This letter is already too long, I will tell you more next time.

H.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 30, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of “Miriam's Song of Triumph,” a Cantata for Soprano solo and chorus, by FRANZ SCHUBERT.

### Concert of Miss Adelaide Phillips.

Our young townswoman,—who has been winning golden opinions in the Opera performances in New York, and who would have been upon her way to Havana, but for the sudden stop put to Maretz's enterprise by the explosion there,—surprised us at very short notice with a concert at the Music Hall, last Saturday evening. The hall was perhaps half filled with listeners, when in justice both to so fine a native artist and to our own love of good music, it ought to have been overflowing. But the truth is, the public excitability in these matters has become so de-

bauched by the showy humbug advertising arts of musical managers and agents, that nothing which is quietly and modestly announced, standing purely on its own intrinsic merits, can possibly create enough impression beforehand to ensure an audience. The immense expense of the new system of getting up and trumpeting a concert—which includes not only what is proper to the concert itself, but also a very great outlay for the “preparing of the public”—makes it too formidable a venture for any artist or small group of artists to attempt to give a quiet, genuine concert in the old way, trusting simply to the love of music to induce an audience. They cannot afford these costly arts of humbugging and whipping in. Accordingly it is no wonder that ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, with other excellent artists, having the charm of novelty withal, had only half a house-full at her concert. The real wonder was to see so many people.

Her welcome was a warm one. And the past impression of the rare nobleness and richness of her voice, and her artistic use of it, found itself more than confirmed upon the present hearing. We have long regarded Adelaide Phillips as, all things considered, and in spite of the generally acknowledged higher charm of a soprano voice, that can soar and revel lark-like in the clearer heaven and sunshine of song, the most satisfactory and valuable in an artistic sense of all our American aspirants to the name and fame of vocal artists. We only wish that such a singer could find worthier employment for such powers in music of a more sterling, elevated order than the rôles of Azucena, Favorita and the like afford; or at least, that she might not be quite so exclusively absorbed in music of that kind, when she has the voice and feeling and intelligence to do such justice to the noblest music.

The programme of this evening was made up mostly of well-worn selections. Miss Phillips sang some of her old pieces to a charm; namely, *Dio clemente*, from *Marino Faliero*; *Ah! non credea*, and *Ah! non giunge*, from the *Sonnambula*; *O! mio Fernando* (one of her oldest), from *La Favorita*; and the little ballad of her own: “Tears of Love,” which is a natural and pretty melody, and which she sings, accompanying herself at the piano, with true simplicity and pathos. Indeed her ballad-singing is of the very best now heard in concerts. Her marked improvement as a singer was evident to all. The rich contralto voice seemed even to have gained in mellowness and fullness, as well as in clear and equal development throughout its compass. She has, in a great measure, overcome, what seemed an organic difficulty, a certain thickness in her sounds. There is more of artistic finish; more of sustained purity of tone and finished phrasing; more of flexibility—indeed, quite enough for any but a high soprano voice—while good taste and genuine sentiment restrain her from false ornament, from overstrained effect, and keep her within the bounds of chaste, pure style. It is a great pleasure to us to listen to the singing of Miss Phillips.

The vocal interest of the concert was largely shared by two new singers. Mr. HENRY SQUIRES, who is an American, and of whose studies in Italy, and praised appearances in opera in Italy and in England, we have heretofore kept our readers informed, has a light, sympathetic tenor of remarkable sweetness, best suited to a sentimental ballad

in a room of moderate size, but with little of the robust, or of the penetrating quality which conquer in the opera. He looks singularly Italian. His style is finished, perhaps to almost an excess of tenderness and fineness; but he has it in him to be a very pleasing singer, particularly of the serenading *Trovatore* order. Of Balfe's sweetish melody (superfluous sweets,) to Tennyson's “Come into the garden, Maud,” he made, we should think, as much as could be made, and won an encore. Verdi's *Ramanza*: *Quando le sere*, introduced him favorably and showed his true vein. But in the “Don Pasquale” duet: *Tornami a dir*, his voice found the best use; the melody is pleasing, and his rendering of it was refined; only his small sweet voice was unequally matched with the large tones of Miss Phillips.

Sig. GARIBALDI showed himself a most spirited, thoroughly alive, dramatic singer. He paced the stage, looking stern and gestulating with a sort of uncontrollable, but not ungraceful energy, and delivered his music, (an andante aria from Verdi's *Attila*, and the slow air: *Infelice*, followed by the spirited cavatina, in *Ernani*) with good round, solid, ringing tones (baritone, with some satisfactory deep bass tones,) and a fine declamatory style, that were quite refreshing. He really made a “hit” with his new audience.

A very well selected little orchestra, led, violin in hand, by Mr. SUCK played a concert overture by Kalliwoda and Reissiger's “*Yelva*” overture—both of the most pleasing and ingenious of the lighter overtures—and a festive sounding reminiscence from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, arranged by Hamm—all very nicely played. It was refreshing to hear even so much of orchestral music, after such long and entire privation.

#### Musical Chit-Chat.

The subscription list for ZERRAHN'S Orchestral Concerts grows apace; but there are many music-lovers yet delinquent; let them lose no time, but do what in them lies to make the thing secure. . . The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY are practising “*Israel in Egypt*;” they could not be about better work. . . We have several times of late had occasion to remark the rare excellence for a theatre orchestra of that at the Boston theatre, under the direction of Messrs. COMER and SUCK. It is large, for a theatre, select, exceedingly well drilled, and has a repertoire of overtures and other pieces, many of which are of a really classical character, in addition to the usual waltzes, pot-pourris, &c., of which too it is a pleasure to hear a moderate allowance, when they are so nicely played. When one can have such fine acting as that of BURTON in farce, and young EDWIN BOOTH in tragedy, the finest Shakspearian actor we have had, by all odds, since his father, with the intervals of the acts filled up by such nice orchestral renderings of Mozart's and Rossini's overtures, fragments of Haydn's Symphonies, vivid reminiscences of such rich operas as “*Tell*” and “*Semiramide*,” what better can he desire for an evening's entertainment?

How is PICCOLOMINI pronounced? Which syllable is accented? It should be spoken without any accent; that is the Italian way; to dwell with a sort of musical fondness equally upon each syllable of the long word. *Pic-co-lo-meé-ne* would be awkward. *Pic-co-lo-mi-ni* sounds too quick and business-like; but with luxurious Italian euphony let the long word spread itself along, leisurely and equably, like oil upon a marble table, slighting no syllable and accenting none.

Mr. J. P. GROVES, the young Boston violinist, who won the first prize at the Conservatory in Brussels last year, gave a concert in that city some months since, in connection with LITTOLE, the famous pianist, of Brunswick, who, on this occasion, brought out a number of his own compositions, among others a Concert called “*Eroica*,” for violin and orchestra. Of the manner in which our young townsman played the violin part, we translate what a German critic says: “Mr. Groves, an American by birth, overcame the great difficulties presented by this composition with peculiar skill, and promises, after so fair an achievement, a still fairer future. A firm, sure conduct of the bow, a full tone, pure intonation, and a certain noble repose, not passionless, but removed from all charlatanism, are excellencies whirh certainly warrant the finest hopes after this first success. . . . ELISE HENSLER has been singing in Trieste, and the journals compliment her in glowing Italian fashion. One of them, speaking of her farewell performance, says: “Flowers, garlands, sonnets, verses, plaudits, clapping of hands, and cries of *brava! brava!* without end: such is an epitome of the benefit taken by the sympathetic Hensler, by whom we again heard the *Sonnambula* always gracefully interpreted, while it was relished by the public with delight. The gentle actress regaled us, moreover, with the cavatina from “*Rigoletto*”: *Caro nome che il mio cor*, sung with that fine and lovable quality of voice, whose notes still trill and gurgle in our ears after the lips which modulated them are mute. The Signora Hensler has every attraction on her side: voice, song, grace, figure, comeliness and youth. Who must not prize such gifts united in a single individual!” \*

MARIA PICCOLOMINI, born at Sienna in 1835, is now only twenty-three years old, and has been fully six years before the public, having first appeared at Florence, in 1852, in Donizetti's opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Her family rank among the most ancient in Tuscany. Two of them have occupied the Papal Chair, (Pius II and Pius III.) and her uncle, a venerable gentleman well known in Rome, for his appreciation of the fine arts, and his enthusiasm for music, is the well-known Cardinal Piccolomini. On the Italian principle of children and grandchildren participating in the family honors, Maria Piccolomini may claim the honorary title of princess. As a professional singer, she is content with the humbler and more appropriate rank of Signora, as a private gentle-woman.

□ M. H. G., Chalford, Gloucestershire, England. Your's with enclosure received. The postage on the Journal to England, which is prepaid here, is two cents on each number.

#### Music Abroad.

STRASBURG.—The London *Musical World* translates the following from the *Courrier des Bas-Rhin*:

One of those pieces of good fortune which seem denied to the provinces fell to the lot of the persons who assembled the day before yesterday in the saloons of M. Georges Kastner. Our learned fellow-citizen had been kind enough to invite them to hear M. Berlioz—who is stopping with him a few days—read the book of an opera in five acts, composed for the Académie Impériale de Musique, and of which he has written both the words and the music. It may easily be conceived what an interest was felt to hear a work not yet produced read by the author himself, a musician and a poet at the same time, especially when that author is already so celebrated.

The subject of M. Berlioz's opera is taken from classic antiquity, but treated in the modern fashion, not without being adapted, as far as the scenic development is concerned, to that exceptional style to which the composer of *Romeo et Juliette*

has devoted himself. This is tantamount to saying that, under the circumstances, M. Berlioz could not have found a better *librettist* than himself, and that everything will gain from the fact that the words and the music of the work, executed in a form and on a plan scarcely ever selected up to the present day, have proceeded from the same brain.

The book contains a great number of dramatic situations, many of which must produce a striking effect, to judge by that produced at the reading. As to the musical situations and the melodic motives, the poet has prepared them for the composer with quite a paternal weakness, which we fondly hope the audience of the Opéra will sanction. They result moreover from the very nature of the subject, taken, as we have said, from pagan antiquity, by which lyrical art was so highly honored.

M. Berlioz has given his opera proportions which are strangely grandiose, and has taken care to surround it with all the accessories indispensable at the present day for the success of a dramatic work. Thus the book suggests a brilliant *mise-en-scène*, which will call up our Homeric and Virgilian reminiscences; change of scene, mythological scenes, and a graceful and picturesque ballet, or, in other words, so many elements which will soften down the tragic nature of the action, and heighten the splendour of the spectacle. We must add that the symphonetic proportions of the score, to judge by the outline of the *scenarium*, gave promise of being gigantic.

The rehearsals of the—I was about to betray the title!—will commence, it is said, under the especial patronage of His Majesty the Emperor, and Paris will soon appreciate the opera of M. Berlioz, which is destined, on so many accounts, to produce a deep sensation, and of which, thanks to the courtesy of M. Kastner, we have had a literary foretaste at Strasburg.

DRESDEN.—Richard Wagner's *Rienzi*, one of his earlier operas, was recently revived. A German critic says:—

The opera of *Rienzi* differs very much from Wagner's later efforts, to which, indeed, it forms a strong contrast. In *Rienzi* he entered on the path of grand French opera, and, with bold youthful fire, freed himself in it, to a certain extent, from the purely material elements then predominant in his nature. Empty phrases, full of tune, bombastic pathos, and coarse masslike effects, without delicacy of coloring, are there in full force. Deep heartfelt expression, true character, real feeling, and that poetically conceiving, highly coloured style, which produces so great an effect in his later operas, rarely occur. It is true that the composer of 'the later operas' is sufficiently evident in many peculiarities and affected mannerisms, a special notice of which would here lead us too far, in many detached motives, in speculative technicality, and in the attachment to the rhetorically-musical element; but the forms are not yet free from the ordinary type, the style is altogether a mixed one, swaying from pathos to triviality, and Meyerbeer's influence is frequently visible, while in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, Weber is the composer's romantic model. The sensual tone-painting, which, in *Tannhäuser*, works upon the imagination with poetic colouring, degenerates, in *Rienzi*, into coarse noise. But, however far the composer still was, in *Rienzi*, from his deeper intellectual development and enlightened conception, his great talent for dramatically-musical description and stage-effect, and his bold and daring mastery of technical difficulties, are incontestably manifest. The masses move with rhythmical certainty, while the recitative and *ariosos*, in a constant struggle with all the wind instruments, possess vigour and dramatic consistence. In the midst of the coarse tumult, which causes us to fear we shall soon have to stumble over vandal-like ruins in art, a freshly daring and fiery power are pleasingly perceptible, and every act contains certain pieces not merely short fragments, but long, independent pieces, comprising sufficient of what is valuable, uncom- mon, and inspiring, to cause us to say—were only this first opera of Wagner lying before us—The composer would be successful at some future

period, if he really dedicated his talent to art.'—*Rienzi* has been produced at our theatre with great splendor, and with new and admirable scenery, the view of the Forum Romanum being particularly effective. After four hours' enjoyment of this real musical infliction, the inevitable result is a feeling of astonishment at the powers of endurance possessed by the singers and orchestra—especially by the wind-instrumentalists. The opera had been rehearsed with the greatest care under the direction of the *Capellmeister*, Herr Krebs, and the entire representation was a successful one; every person engaged exerted himself to the utmost. The performance of Herr Tichatschek, as *Rienzi*, was admirable for its dash, grand heroic style of expression, and the unimpaired freshness, powers of endurance, and still unbroken smoothness of the singer's voice. The highly fatiguing and dramatically important part of Adriano was sung by Madame Krebs-Michalesi, with excellent effect. Next to these two artists come Herren Mitterwurzer and Conradi, as the chiefs of the Orsinis and Colonnas. The applause from an overflowing house was very great; Madame Krebs-Michalesi was called on several times, and Herr Tichatschek after each act.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The last musical event of any note in Goethe's birth-place, as well as in some other German cities, appears to have been the performance of an ambitious composition by an Englishman, Mr. Pierson, whom the *Athenaeum* and other oracles at home scout as one crazy with the "Music of the Future." Here is the impression made upon a writer in the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* of Cologne.

There was an overflowing house on Göethe's birthday, to witness the second part of *Faust*, with music by Hugo Pierson. The version chosen was the excellent one adapted for the stage by Wohlheim. The performance was highly successful, for the representatives of the principal characters, and the chief stage-manager, Herr Vollmer, were tumultuously called on several times.

No theatrical work has been regarded with so much suspicion as the second part of *Faust*. Even after the great success it had in Hamburg, people in other places still continued to think it was unintelligible. Here and there, too, those who wield the pen would not confess it had been successful, because they were not the persons who had been fortunate enough to produce a good stage version. With regard to the music, also, it is true, that both critics and public in Hamburg pronounced it original, beautiful, and worthy of the poem; but then Pierson is a man who belongs neither to the party of the Musicians of the Future, nor to any other. For years past, ever since he resigned his office as Professor of Music at the University of Edinburgh, he has kept aloof from taking part publicly in musical matters, and buried himself only with composition, to which fact his grand oratorio, *Jerusalem*, his songs and other small pieces, as well as the opera he has just completed, bear honorable testimony.

But, however this may be, the second part of *Faust*, according to Wohlheim's stage version, and with Pierson's music, has triumphed, here in Frankfurt, over prejudice and envy. This is a fact which can no longer be disputed.

The music was very well performed, under the direction of the excellent *Capellmeister*, Herr George Goltermann. The audience welcomed each member with the greatest interest, evinced either by devotional silence, as, for instance, in the case of the magnificent introductions to the fourth and fifth acts, or by loud applause, in which they indulged after the chorus: "Heilige Poesie," the concluding chorus, the "Te Deum," etc.

That portion of the music which is omitted, because it is impossible to extend the time of representation, which is already very long, in the case of this drama, is to be found in the piano-forte edition published by Schott's sons in Mayence. Herr Goltermann has, however, publicly stated that he will shortly give the whole of the music at a concert. This will be a great boon to the numerous admirers of Pierson's compositions.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Woman's Resolution: or, The sober second thought. Comic Song. L. Heath. 25

Most of the so called Comic Songs of the day have a touch of the offensive, which, however slight it may be, still makes their admission into refined society an impossibility. This song is an exception. It is truly and emphatically comic, and fit and proper in the parlor and at the fireside.

Must I bid thee farewell, dear mother.

Dr. O. C. Alexander. 25

A plaintive, easy ballad.

Lottie Lane. Song & Cho. J. H. McNaughton. 25

This is a song of that class, which has been introduced in and forms such an attractive feature in Ethnoplasic entertainments. Many as there are of these songs, created, as it were, by the dozen every day, there are but few which attain a permanent distinction, by virtue of some indescribable charm, to which the ear of the many is sensible. This song is of the latter class, destined to become widely known, and not unlikely to take the lead in the race.

"Mine eyes are dim with weeping." Written and composed by H. Millard.

This is a reprint of a very elegant English song, published in the Bridal Album, by Cramer, Beale & Co., London. The Album was made up of 10 or 12 Songs by the leading English composers, viz., Balfe, Hatton, Wallace, Glover, Linley, Mori, &c., each contributing one song. We feel well pleased to find that the name of our townsmen has thus been placed upon the list of English song writers, and trust we shall have an opportunity of hearing this ballad sung during the winter by its originator.

#### Instrumental Music.

Le Carnaval de Venise. Polka. Joseph Ascher. 30

At last this melody of everlasting popularity has given rise to a pretty French Operette, by the talented Ambroise Thomas. The indefatigable Ascher has not been slow to work a charming little polka out of the novelty, which all piano players, fond of Ascher's light and graceful style, will certainly not be slow to buy.

Never mind Polka.

F. L. Becker. 25

One glance Waltz.

" 25

Easy and agreeable.

Souvenir d'une Excursion des Artistes. Grand

Valse brillante. B. Courlaender. 50

The pen of this excellent player and writer has long been suffered to rest. It will be much gratification for his friends and admirers to see that his vein of invention and melody is as fresh as ever. In fact, this is a very brilliant and pleasing set of waltzes for players of medium ability.

Waltz, in D flat, and Ecossaise. (Posthumous Works.) Chopin. 25

Both in the imitable style of this great master of Chromatics. The waltz is a tone-poem, which does not bear all its beauty upon the bright surface, as its companion, the sparkling Ecossaise does; there is a melancholy tale of sadness, with but little joy intervening, told in the duet, which the fingers of the right hand are bidden to interpret.

#### Books.

ETIQUETTE OF THE BALL ROOM: or the Dancer's Companion.

As the season of terpsichorean festivity approaches, the above handbook, giving, in a condensed and convenient form, the rules of Ball Room Etiquette, will be eagerly sought for and prove of great value to all who are fortunate enough to possess it. All the minutiae relating to the management of public and private balls and parties is given, and a profuse number of Quadrilles, Cotillions, and Fancy Dances, including the celebrated "Lancer's Quadrille," and several others, equally popular.

